Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maieſtie vouchſafe me.

Qu. Was that Hector?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag. I will kiſſe thy royall finger, and take leaue. I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to hold the Plough for her ſweet loue three yeares. But moſt eſteemed greatneſſe, will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praiſe of the Owle and the Cuckow? It ſhould haue followed in the end of our ſhew.

Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will doe ſo.

Brag. Holla, approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-ſmockes all ſiluer-white,
Doe paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euery tree,
Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ſtrawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer Smockes:
The Cuckow then on euery tree
Mockes married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

Winte

When Iſicles hang by the
And Dicke the Shephear
And Tom beares Logges i
And Milke comes frozen
When blood is nipt, and
Then nightly ſings the ſta
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione do

When all aloud the wind
And coſſing drownes the
And birds ſit brooding in
And Marrians noſe looke
When roaſted Crabs hiſſe
Then nightly ſings the ſt
Tu-whit to-who:
A merrie note.
While greaſie Ione doth

Brag. The words of Mercurie,
Are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo
You that way; we this way.

FINI

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